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Sweet Strains for Christmas Tide.

SWEET STRAINS

FOR

CHRISTMAS-TIDE.

Annie B. McQueen.

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FROM joyous waters murmuring
Along their stony bed,
Where mossy rocks o'er-towering,
Lift high their crested head;
Comes singing, ringing ever,
The sweetest melody,
Warm on the chill air breathing,
And will not stilléd be.

THE Christmas-tide is flinging
Its glad chimes far and near,
A thousand frost bells ringing
Repeat the echoes clear;
But underneath the swelling,
The joy resounding notes;
In clear recurrence welling,
My song of summer floats.

I FAIN would sing of winter,
And the glories of the time,
To speed the merry greeting
In a mirthful swinging rhyme;
But through the joy up-springing,
In undulation strong,
Tho' clear the over-ringing,
I list my summer song.

MY song of summer gladness,
That will not die away,
Of singing waters, singing
Their own sweet Christmas lay;
And my heart abandoned to them,
Goes onward, singing free,
Above the snowflakes telling
Its still green love for thee.

ANNIE C. MCQUEEN.

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